

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text on a light beige background.

# **The things you don't see**

*I got inspired after  
watching IT - II*

**orphan\_account**

## The things you don't see by orphan\_account

**Series:** I got inspired after watching IT [2]

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Based on a Tumblr Post, GN!READER, Human form Pennywise, I live off making murderous clowns sweet and loving, Implied Sexual Content, Like, Multichapter, OOC Pennywise, Romance, super ooc

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**Summary:**

He didn't dare show them how horrendous he actually was.

<https://slushi.tumblr.com/post/165813072530/imagine-a-blind-so-for-penny-they-dont-know-any>

# 1. My fears

## Author's Note:

I'm making this child-murderer clown a total sap and I don't regret it one bit.

"I know you're watching me."

Of course they did. Pennywise suspected that (Y/N) had a sixth sense for *some* things; one of them was for when he stared at them from the other side of whatever room they were in. For someone as old as he was in comparison to humans and how long he's interacted with them, (Y/N) kept him on his toes most of the time.

"Come sit with me, would you?," their voice was gentle and soft, almost like a mother to a dear child. Pennywise said nothing, but walked up to them and crouched down on his knees, staying at eye level with them. They didn't look up from the book on their lap, where their fingers rested comfortably above the small bumps littered on the pages. The books they read had always fascinated him, written in codes he couldn't quite comprehend, holding stories that only they could read to him.

Pennywise looked back up to their face and gulped slightly, finding those eternally blank eyes watching him and boring into his very soul. The eyes were dead, but the person was not. (Y/N) sat there in front of him, smiling tenderly and reaching out to him. He was always careful to keep the most human features on as he could, for (Y/N) was a really touchy person. And as their fingers touched his cheek and caressed it lovingly, he let out a sigh he hadn't realized he had been holding in. Their warmth was always welcoming and Pennywise found himself leaning into their personal space again, craving for more and letting them know that with a low growl.

(Y/N)'s smile grew as they complied, and slid away the forgotten book to wrap their arms around Pennywise's shoulders. He lost no time and climbed on the couch with them, burying his nose in the crook of their neck and inhaling sharply, earning a giggle and a comment about tickles.

He paid no mind and became dead weight, breathing their scent and holding them tight - "I'm not going to run away from you, you know" (Y/N) commented with a little smirk playing in their lips. Pennywise said nothing and laid still.

*That's exactly what he was afraid of.*

## 2. Balloons

### Summary for the Chapter:

"What color is it?"

"The color you want it to be."

### Notes for the Chapter:

\*sighs dreamily\* don't y'all love the fresh smell of Pennywise being a sap in the morning?

Pennywise brought them gifts, sometimes. He was very careful with his choices, because it could wake suspicion. He never brought them stuff that had belonged to other people. Neither brought them food, because disaster would come if they found out what he had eaten before meeting them. Books weren't his forte, neither were clothes. Once he brought a colorful bug and they accidentally crushed it before they even knew it was a gift - he didn't have the heart to tell them afterwards.

He usually brought them antique buttons with complex engravings, or pieces of wood carved like animals he thought looked funny. One time he brought them a small pinecone, of the size of their thumb, that he had found while pursuing someone in the woods the night before. The very next day he saw the pinecone resting on top of their sternum, hanging from a braided necklace. He had gotten so inexplicably happy at the thought they put on his gifts that he always tried to bring something for them.

That day, Pennywise brought something he hadn't thought of for a while; a bright red balloon. Usually, his balloons were permeated with an aura of uneasiness, making whoever saw them be wary of his presence more than ever. This one balloon, though, was a special one. He had been working on a particular method to make the balloon unbreakable, as he knew that (Y/N)'s house wasn't exactly empty of sharp objects, and he didn't want to scare them by his balloon randomly exploding near them.

Pennywise almost laughed at his own thoughts. Him? The most horrifying being Derry has ever known, *not wanting to scare someone?*

"What color is it?" (Y/N) smiled as they reached over his hand, stroking his fingers until they found the string.

Pennywise didn't let go yet, wanting to feel their fingers for a little longer. "The color you want it to be."

(Y/N) hummed softly, and Pennywise smelled a tinge of sadness coming from them, and feared he had said something wrong. He knew that (Y/N) had lost their vision when they were still a small child, but they remembered all the colors of the rainbow, even if now their world was surrounded by darkness.

"Red," they grinned and held his hand with their small ones, engulfing him in their warmth, "I want it to be red."

Pennywise bit his lower lip and leaned down, pressing a kiss to their forehead, as soft as a butterfly's nudge. The scent of sadness evaporated in the air.

"Red it will be, then."

### 3. Hickeys

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Nothing has ever brought him inner peace such as watching them sleep.

#### Notes for the Chapter:

Implied smut ☞☞☞

The window was open and the curtains danced lightly with the incoming breeze; it was a chilly breeze, but Pennywise felt no cold. He was too focused in the one sleeping next to him to even care. (Y/N) shivered lightly and moved closer to his side, with their face smushed in the middle region of his body.

A smile found its way to his lips and stretched them the more he watched them snuggle up to him. Their skin was glowing with sweat and their breathing wasn't quite settled yet after the mind-blowing intercourse. The musky scent of both their bodily fluids hung heavily in the air, reminding Pennywise of the satisfaction of being the one responsible for the tiredness of his sleeping partner there. Even he had had a good time; but strangely enough, he had felt more compelled to giving (Y/N) the best feelings during the entirety of their activities. He was only able to get off when (Y/N) had the third (or fourth?) orgasm. The way they had screamed out his name felt better than any terror-induced screaming.

Pennywise lowered his hand and his fingers lightly traced the littered marks adorning their once flawless skin, earning a sleepy mewl from (Y/N). The bright red dots and bite marks, some of them still bleeding, made Pennywise proud of himself.

*They were his. Only his.*

(Y/N) shivered under his touch and their hand rested on his inner thigh, tracing swirly invisible lines that burnt his skin in delightful ways. As they settled down again, Pennywise pulled the covers on top of them, shielding them from the breeze, and waited for a chance to

get up unnoticed. That didn't happen, though, because a sleepy voice halted the gears in his mind.

"Stay, please? Just tonight?"

Pennywise looked down and felt them tighten their embrace around him if only slightly. The next thing he felt was a scent, a mix between sadness, longing, and a tiny bit of hope. He waited for a few moments and moved again, this time to properly lay down on the bed and pull (Y/N) into his arms, something they happily obliged with as they buried their face into his chest and dozed off again.

It's not like he would be sleeping anytime soon, he wasn't tired at all. But, somehow, nothing has ever brought him inner peace such as watching them sleep. Never has anyone triggered such feelings on him before, and that scared him deeply in his gut. He had the feeling that he would meet his demise by their hand one day.

And what scared him the most, is that he didn't mind one bit.



## 4. (Un)Loved ones

### Summary for the Chapter:

"She went missing that same night."

He knew.

Pennywise looked at (Y/N)'s back as they crouched in front of an old wardrobe that held several things inside except for clothes. From where he sat on their bed, he could distinguish two large boxes sitting at the very bottom of the wardrobe. These boxes were labeled with large bumpy dots - that code he could still not decipher. On the shelf above the boxes sat several notebooks, and smaller boxes with more bumpy dots; a small antique vase covered in dust was in the corner, practically hiding behind a very old teddy bear that was missing a button-eye.

The rest of the shelves and up to the roof of the wardrobe were filled with books. Most of them were thick, engrossed volumes that Pennywise felt tired of even looking at - he had never been a reader himself, and thinking about reading all those pages tired him to no end; he couldn't quite grasp the concept of having such a passion for reading. Now, it was different if it was (Y/N) reading the books to him; their voice lulled his old mind into dreamless slumbers where he rested his head on their lap and let down almost all of his guards.

Other books in the shelves were thinner and held stories that could be read in only one night. And there were also very thin ones with complex reflections about life that other humans had made - which made him bored to no end, so he avoided sticking his nose into those.

At the moment, (Y/N) was stroking the backs of the thicker books, brow furrowed in concentration as they looked for something. They were quiet, focused in the chore of discerning one item from another, and Pennywise stared at them in wonder.

He admired how independent they were, missing such a vital sense as sight and all. He knew very well that many humans over the years

would lose capability on their eyes, and would fall into a depressing pit once they realized they weren't young anymore. Something about not being able to see things around them was such a big deal for such creatures. In his honest opinion, humans relied on their eyes way too much; not like he was complaining, since exploiting their fears was much easier when they were dragged into darkness, where they couldn't see.

At last, (Y/N) straightened up and held up something in their arms triumphantly, pulling Pennywise out of his musings. They smiled as they made their way to his side and flopped down next to him, revealing what wasn't a book, but in fact, a photo album. He recognized them at the instant, being very familiar with photography. Ever since it became popular among humans, he would make himself appear in them just to exploit people's fears of what they considered *unnatural*.

"I've kept this for a long time," their grin was almost angelical as they caressed the hard cover and opened the album, "some of them are marked in a way that I remember what was happening in the pictures, but I need your help with the others."

"But I don't know what was going on in the photos, nor with the people in them," he raised his eyebrow and looked at them retrieving a pointy tool from the pocket in their jacket.

"You will describe them to me, and I'll tell you the stories behind them," their excitement almost rubbed into him as well, and he started looking forward to learning more about (Y/N)'s life.

Pennywise remained silent as expert fingers looked for the markings in the photos of each page in the album, until they stopped in a page with no markings, and he leaned in to observe better.

"it's you, as a kid," he began describing the photograph, nearly missing the subtle flush in (Y/N)'s cheeks, "you're hugging a black and white dog while sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree."

"That's Blaster, the only dog I've ever had," sadness and longing filled Pennywise's sotrils and he caught himself before snorting loudly. (Y/N) took the pointy tool and searched for one of the top corners of the

photograph, marking it. They moved off to the next one, and Pennywise felt a smirk stretch his lips widely.

"It's you, taking a bath in the kitchen sink," he glided on the bright red blush that bursted all over (Y/N)'s cheeks, and watched them fumble with the photograph as they marked it with more dots.

"....blame my mom on that one," they mumbled. Pennywise only chuckled at their embarrassment as they hurried on to the next photograph.

As he looked at the new image, Pennywise nearly stopped breathing. He had seen that person before.

"... A red haired little girl, and you, both tugging on different ends of a teddy bear," Pennywise glanced at them and gulped quietly. Their brow was furrowed and their lips pressed tightly in a thin line. At last, they sighed and marked the photograph, before turning to him.

"My cousin, Stella," they rubbed the markings and sighed a little more, "we weren't the best of friends, she had always been quite mean to me; although my parents insisted that she was only acting like that because her parents had divorced and needed time, I never liked her."

"She mocked and laughed at me as I was losing my sight when we were ten, and one day I told her she should just disappear, I said it in front of everyone..." (Y/N) looked down and shook their head a little, and Pennywise remained quiet, waiting for them to continue. "She went missing that same night, never came back from school."

"Oh." He couldn't say more, he really couldn't. It would destroy the image they had of him. Because he already knew all that.

He knew that Stella's parents were divorced and paid little to no attention to her, because they were too busy fighting each other.

He knew she was afraid of ants, especially large masses of them covering up her tiny body.

He knew what her flesh had tasted like once the fear seeped into her deeply.

A weak chuckle came from a teary-eyed (Y/N) and their shoulders shook slightly. "Her mom still blames me for wishing bad things to Stella, but I don't feel bad about it at all," they stopped and looked in Pennywise's general direction, their eyes flooding in tears, "does it make me a bad person?"

Pennywise thought of a ten year old child losing their sight, feeling relieved from getting rid of another child that tormented them, only to become tormented by adults. He thought of his (Y/N) as a child being confused about how to feel.

"No, doesn't make you a bad person," he assured them and wrapped his arm around their shoulders, bringing them closer to him.

*Only makes you a human.*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

So I got asked here and on tumblr about my reasons for deciding on making the reader here a gender neutral reader.

The answer is: why not?

Also, I'm aware that there are people who identify as female (like me), people who identify as male, people who identify as male or female depending on certain circumstances, and people who don't identify either as female or male. Making my reader a gn reader makes it clear that anyone can be the one Penny is so in love with in this story ♥

Also, I'm using male pronouns for Pennywise because Penny is all the time in male human form in front of the reader (is totally not related to the fact that I'm a shit writer and struggled way too much using "it" pronouns, not at all)

Don't hesitate on hitting me up here in the comments or in my tumblr lazybutsmexy